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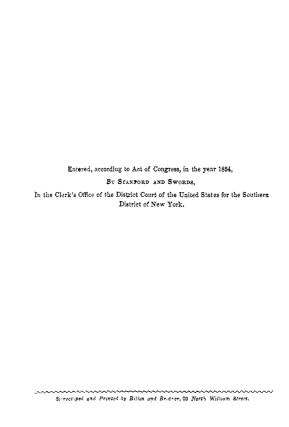
AN AUTHENTIC MEMOIR.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the car. But when the fruit is brought forth immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."—St. Mark, iv. 28, 29

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CHAPTER I.

"FIRST THE BLADE."

How lovely and how various are the manifestations of divine grace in the human soul, "hard as is the soil," and choked as it often is with weeds! It is a delightful occupation to watch these manifestations in the hearts of those whose confidence in us is so entire as to open them to our inspection, and permit us to see, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

In no individual is this divine work so transparently visible as in one the commencement of whose responsible existence witnesses "the blade" springing into life, "the dew of whose birth is of the womb of the morning."

Beautiful, indeed, are such new-born souls, exceeding in brightness (as Bishop Lowth expresses it) the spangles of early dew which the morning discloseth to the delighted eye of the beholder.

Such trophies of the power of the Holy Spirit, the sure word of prophecy teaches us, shall yet be as numerous as those sparkling dew-drops.

"Little Samuel, holding visible communion with his Maker in the tabernacle," the children singing Hosannah to the Saviour, and hundreds and thousands of infant believers who have since passed into glory, give us some faint conception of the blessedness of that period when "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest."

All who have had experience of the love of childhood in its greatest intensity, unite in the opinion that no attachment of subsequent life equals in trustfulness and purity that of its early morning.

As it is with *love*, so is it with *faith*. That of the child is far more simple and unquestioning than can ever be the case in maturer years. It is not so sadly warped from its heavenward tendencies and shorn of its brightness by the mental medium through which it passes.

Our Saviour calls upon his disciples to become little children; and it is surely acting in accordance with his precepts when we dwell on the remarkable faith exemplified in the short life and early death of a little one "whose angel," we verily believe, "does always behold the face of the Father in heaven."

This brief narrative is commenced with the hope that it may encourage parents in giving their children to the Lord and training them for his service, and may perhaps induce some dear children to find how sweet and pleasant a thing it is to love and serve the Lord, even at their early period of life.

Little Carrie was the daughter of the Rev. Benjamin W. Stone, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was born in Penn Yan, New York, January 15, 1843. When four months old, she was baptized in St. Mark's Church, in that place, by Bishop Delancey.

She was favoured from her birth with

every instruction and inducement to walk in those ways which the Bible teaches us are the best and the happiest for us here and hereafter: and both her parents, when they gave her to the Lord in baptism, resolved, that so far as was within their power, the Lord assisting them, she should "live the rest of her life according to this beginning." They felt that it was something real, something unspeakably solemn, that they were doing in her name, and that her dawning reason should see that they acted on the principles they professed. She was taught by example. ever more powerful than words, that fine clothes, and the many attractive things which money procures, are not essential to happiness. These trifles often constitute the pomps and vanities of childhood, and even of maturer years;

and any one of my little readers can understand, that a child or a grown person, whose happiness depends upon their possession, is *not* one who will be inclined to serve Jesus, or, as the Catechism says, "obediently keep God's holy will and commandments."

The first distinct impression made on Carrie's mind, with respect to the Supreme Being, was when she was not quite three years old. It was a beautiful evening, and she stood on a chair and gazed a long time intently at the north star. Turning to her mother, she earnestly inquired, "What is that?" and on receiving the reply, immediately rejoined, "Who put it there?" and on the answer being given, "God put it there," she said no more, but seemed to fall into a deep reverie. What thoughts then dawned

upon her immortal soul, no tongue can tell; but from that period, so far as her parents could judge, she had some right conceptions of the great Creator, and of his agency in the wonders of creation and the dealings of Providence, and his name, ever after, inspired her with reverential awe. Soon after this, when, one day, riding out with her parents, the clear and beautiful sky became suddenly clouded, and the rain drove with great violence into her face, despite the carriage top, or any other protection at hand. At last, after trying in vain to keep the water out of her eyes, she looked up very earnestly at her father, saying, "Papa, did not God know that I was going to ride to-day; if so, why did he make it rain?" This simple question grew out of her perfect confidence that

she was under the tender care of an Almighty Creator, and that every event of her life was ordered by his love. It was easy for her father to impress upon her ductile mind the grand idea of God's providential government of the world, and that in the fulfilling of his great designs for the good of his creatures. particular events might result in the personal inconvenience or suffering even of those dear to him as his true followers, but that all events would finally result in their good. It is one of the great secrets of Christian education to meet the inquiries which the active minds of all children are constantly suggesting, with answers which may not only satisfy them for the time, but furnish a starting point from which the mind may go forth in its search after truth, returning, with

its new experiences, to find them but natural results of the great religious principles thus inwrought into the soul at the very dawn of intellectual existence.

Carrie's mother taught her, as soon as she was able to understand, that she wished to train her as one of the lambs of Christ's flock. She used to sit on her mother's lap, or in a little chair by her side, and listen to many sweet stories from the Bible; and much was then told her of the love of Jesus, which she remembered as long as she lived. When she was between four and five years old, her mother read to her two Sunday-school books, called "The Peep of Day" and "Line upon Line." Carrie was very much pleased to listen to these little books; and perhaps some children who read this may have seen them, and been

as much interested in them as she was. They contained stories from the Bible, and Carrie almost knew them by heart. I have often seen little girls and boys, when they took up a Sunday-school book, and found it was about some one in the Bible, put it down, and look for one which they thought might amuse them more. Carrie thought what was from the Bible must be the best and the most interesting, and she was right in this opinion.

There is a memoir of a dear little girl, entitled "Emma, or the Child that Jesus loved," which I hope has been read by many of the children of our Sunday schools. Little Emma, like little Carrie, took great pleasure in listening to the two little works I have mentioned—"Peep of Day" and "Line upon Line." They were truly children of a kindred

spirit, and doubtless are now rejoicing in a fullness of knowledge of which the wisest saint on earth can form but feeble conceptions.

Not long since I read in the beautiful little missionary paper, "The Carrier Dove," of some heathen children being instructed from the same little books, and that they also were much interested in these simple and beautiful stories.

These instances clearly prove that those taught of the Spirit have the same love of Scripture truth, however differently situated or widely separated, and are thus preparing, while on earth, for the never-ceasing and ever-new song of praise to the Lamb that was slain.

Carrie was never as healthy as children generally are, and was seldom free from a cough, and it is probable that these circumstances made her think more about heaven and her Saviour than she might otherwise have done. When she did feel well, she was very playful, and loved to run and jump, with her sister and other little friends, as well as any child could do. She was naturally of a very lively disposition, and quick to enjoy what is pleasant in life; and this is right.

"Oh, say not that the world is dark,
And filled with pain and woe,
That joy and gladness are unknown;
God hath not made it so."

It is the intention of the Creator that healthy little children should frisk about and be merry, as much as the little lambs and the birds; and when, in my walks, I meet with a group of little ones, I am not disposed to think as favorably of

those who stand gloomily alone, as of those who are joyously playing with their little companions.

As I said before, Carrie was very lively when she was well, and you had but to look in her face to see how much she enjoyed the simple sports of childhood. She was always very thin, and her skin was so white and transparent that you could see the color come and go, and her large eyes dance with gladness, when, on a pleasant summer's day, she could be out in the sunlight with her little friends.

She was six years old when she came to live in the beautiful village of Litchfield, in Connecticut, and she was very happy to be near her grandparents, whom she dearly loved, and who resided there, but she much regretted leaving many kind friends in Oxford, New York, whom she had known the most of her short life, and where her parents had resided for a few years before. I remember well a simple question which she asked, and which was indicative of her affectionate nature. "Shall I find as many grandmas here as I did in Oxford?" She had been accustomed to call several elderly friends by that tender appellation.

Her health, at first, appeared improved by change of climate, but she was seldom well enough to attend school for any length of time without interruption, and, owing to frequent slight attacks of illness, she was also often obliged to stay at home on Sundays.

I used to notice her happy look when she entered church; she felt that it

was so good to go to God's house, and her reverent manner proved that she knew the object for assembling there. She was never without her Prayer-Book: and she did not take it in her hands merely to examine the pictures, as I have seen some little girls and boys do, whom I thought old enough to have read the service, if they had only made an effort. Little Carrie did try, and if she could not find the places, she would get her grandmother, or some other friend, to do it for her, and in this way she became interested, for there is little of the service but what even a child can understand, if attentive.

I presume that she could have told generally what chapters were read; that is, what were the first and second lessons, and perhaps what text was preached from: but I am sorry to remark, that I have often asked girls and boys, of ten, twelve, and fourteen years old, what they had heard at church, and they could not tell me a word, though perhaps on that very Sunday the minister had read the beautiful story of Joseph, or about David and Goliath, or the wonderful account of Elisha's curing Naaman or raising the widow's son. I have sometimes found the chapters for such inattentive children to read after they came home from church, when they would perhaps say, "Oh, now I do remember it, but I did not think." It was not remembering much, or they could have given some account of what they had heard, for I find that children can generally give a tolerably distinct account of anything to which they listen, that really interests them.

Some parents are in the habit of examining their children on the evening of each Lord's day, on what they have heard at church, and the practice is most delightful and improving.

I have seen a circle, of various ages, gathered around a bright fire on a winter's evening, or by an open window in the sweet serenity of a summer's twilight, while such an examination was carried on, and it was pleasant to notice the bright eyes and happy looks of those children who could give intelligent replies. I have often observed, on such occasions, the awakening intelligence of even small children, and many times have been surprised by a question or remark from juvenile lips worthy of an advanced student in theology. If all parents felt the importance of connecting religion with social enjoyments from the child's earliest recollections, we should, with God's blessing, see many more examples of early piety, and religion assuming her true aspect—cheerful and attractive—proving the words of Scripture, that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I cannot say how much Carrie could have related of what she heard in church; probably not a great deal, for she was at this time only seven years old; but I knew, from her happy looks and attentive appearance, that she loved God's house, and would not willingly be prevented from "entering into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." I remember, about this time, observing that she remained in her seat during the celebration of the Lord's Sup-

per; and being quite near to her, and fearing that she would be too much fatigued by the long service, I looked at her several times, and was surprised to see no evidence of weariness, but much apparent interest in the solemn scene before her.

Soon after this, she asked her father "when she would be old enough to receive the Sacrament as her mother did," remarking, "that she wished she could, for she did not like to stay away." Blessed child! what a lesson should her spiritual longings for the sacred feast teach many of maturer age, who, year after year, turn from this banquet, though so often and lovingly invited to partake.

Little Carrie was easily convinced that she was too young to take a step of such great solemnity and importance; but it is sweet to think of her desire to render obedience to every command of her Saviour, and at a time when her health was unusually good, so that it was from no apprehension of death that she was thus seriously disposed.

She was seldom strong enough to attend Sunday school with much regularity, which was a trial to her, for she dearly loved to go, when her mother thought her sufficiently well to do so. She was faithfully taught at home, not only to repeat her Catechism correctly, but to understand fully its meaning, and she was continually learning more and more of the Bible. The prayer contained in a verse of one of our most familiar hymns was in her case fulfilled.

"Oh, may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light."

She learned many charming hymns about this period, which were afterwards a great comfort to her, when too feeble to read or study. No person can tell what a blessing he may be conferring upon a child, by impressing upon the memory the words of even one scriptural hymn. The lines taught by a parent to lisping infancy retain their hold on the mind when the varied learning of subsequent years fleeth away like a shadow.

I knew a sufferer whom long protracted illness had reduced to such weakness that even a verse of Scripture read or heard required more mental strength than disease had spared. This exhausted invalid, thus seemingly cut off from all the means of grace, found the simple hymns of early childhood coming back to the memory without effort, and bringing with them some of the sweet influences of that happy period. When in the morning, awaking from slumber, long sought in vain, the simple lines of that benefactress of the young, Jane Taylor, furnished the medium of thanksgiving, substituting the word sinner for that of infant.

"My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed."

Some of the greatest and wisest men that the world has known have left on record the fact of their repeating every night, on their retiring to rest, the simple prayer, first lisped at a mother's knee, commencing"And now I lay me down to sleep."

I have often listened with delight to an aged pilgrim repeating the stanzas learned more than three score years and ten before, and in my heart blessed the memory of those who then gave to the young mind a treasure which never grew old, but which cheered many a wakeful hour by night and wearisome one by day.

I fear that the learning of sacred poetry is not as common now as in past generations. So much is religious education left to Sunday-school instruction, (and for this purpose so many admirable catechisms and question-books on the Scriptures are furnished,) that but little opportunity for the learning of hymns is left. The best organized Sunday school can never teach "all that a child

ought to know and believe for his soul's health," and should never be a substitute for parental instruction.

Carrie could sing very sweetly, and was never happier than of a Sunday evening when her mother joined with her in singing her favorite hymns. It is very pleasant to me to hear children sing, even though not very correctly, and it often grieves me that they will not try to do so, when requested, in Sunday school. I have known little girls and boys very mute on such occasions, who sang without any difficulty at their week-day sports.

The second winter after Carrie's parents removed to Connecticut, she was very ill indeed, and her friends feared she would not live to see another summer. She coughed so badly, and looked

so very delicate, that it seemed scarcely possible that she could live many years. In the fall, she had looked forward to attending school the coming season with great pleasure.

No healthy child, whose school days have never been interrupted by sickness, can imagine the trial of thus being detained at home, week after week, and month after month. I know that children are often weary with confinement. and sometimes think that they would like to stay at home all the time, and do as they choose, with no difficult lessons to recite; but they should remember that if a child is not well enough to study, he is not, in general, well enough to play. Those who know from experience, will agree with me in saying, that scarcely any trial of subsequent life

is more difficult to endure patiently, than being obliged to forego the gratification of that intense thirst for knowledge which seems as natural to some minds as life itself.

Carrie's extremely active mental constitution rendered her peculiarly susceptible to this trial, but she submitted to it patiently. Nor was this the only deprivation attendant upon her illness. She would hear the joyous shouts of the children in the streets, as their sleds flew over the beautiful snow banks, and see her little sister arrayed in her winter's costume, to take a brisk sleigh-ride with her father, or perhaps to visit her dear grandparents, and be compelled to remain in her little easy-chair, or recline on a sofa by the fire.

I would have none of my young read-

ers suppose that the dear child of whom I am writing was free from faults. She was by nature in no degree superior to other children, and if she became more free from sin, it was wholly to be ascribed to the power of the Divine Spirit, overcoming inbred corruption in her renewed soul. She was, constitutionally, of an irritable temperament, feeling little trials and contradictions of her wishes keenly. and sometimes expressing this annoyance in petulant words. She knew that this was her besetting sin, and many a prayer and tear bore witness to her struggle to be delivered from its bondage. She frequently conversed with her father on this subject, describing her sense of the evil of sin with a fervor of expression almost like that of the Apostle St. Paul, when he mournfully complains that

"when he would do good, evil was present with him." Had her life been spared to mature years, it is more than probable that she would have been called to a daily struggle with this besetting temptation, and doubtless would often have failed in the conflict. Let no dear child be discouraged, and think he can never be as good as little Carrie became; but pray, as she did, for power to resist temptation, and watch, as she did, the first risings of her evil nature. As you will read in her after experience of her sweet submission to the will of God, remember it was not nature, but grace, that gave her the victory over her natural impatience.

Those who knew her best describe her as one of the most affectionate of children from her earliest infancy. Her parents recollect but one instance of direct disobedience of which she was ever guilty, and her grief in consequence of this one failure was so extreme that she literally refused to be comforted.

At this period her Christian character became more and more manifest. She realized that sickness was a trial sent by a loving Father's hand, and that it was her duty to bear it patiently. In her case, as in every other, a sense of religion made her more gentle and obedient to her parents, and her desire to save her mother trouble was peculiarly observable. Her friends wished to try the effects of "cod liver oil"—a most disagreeable medicine; so much so, that they felt that that they could not oblige her to take it; but, much to their re-

lief, she willingly consented to do so. and for many weeks swallowed it twice daily without a word of complaint. She would beg her mother not to think anything about it, or even to look as if she pitied her, as the time approached for the nauseating dose, and she never once needed reminding when the hour for taking it came. How much pain might children save their parents by imitating this dear child in this respect. Owing to the effects of the medicine, or other causes, she began to improve, and before winter was over, was able to ride out on pleasant days, and sometimes visit her beloved grandmother.

A dear friend of mine was very ill at this time, and one bright day Carrie accompanied her father on the occasion of one of his visits at her bedside. It was proposed to the little girl to remain in the parlour by the pleasant fire, and books and pictures were offered for her amusement, but she chose to enter the darkened room of the invalid. She sat quietly in a little chair during her father's brief conversation with the sick person, and when he kneeled to pray, her little form was reverently bent, and after his petitions for submission to the will of God, and preparation for life, or for death, as He should deem best, she said "Amen," in a tone that evidently came from the heart.

As spring advanced her health improved, and the following summer she was as well as at any former period of her life. Her enjoyment of a return to tolerable health was very great, and this season she had the pleasure of the

society of some dear little cousins, with whom she talked, and played, and rode, as happy as a child could well be. I remember seeing herself, sister, and cousins, one bright afternoon assembled under a large tree from which was suspended a swing; and with their dolls and playthings scattered around, they looked, as they indeed were, a happy group.

Early in the autumn of 1851, Carrie removed with her parents to Brooklyn, N. Y. She had for some months previous made visible progress in the Divine life, and her parents watched with delight the various manifestations of Christian character exhibited in her daily walk and conversation. Her extreme and tender conscientiousness was especially observable, but the earnest

desire and effort to do the will of God was unaccompanied by any feeling of self-righteousness. Her views of the offices of Christ, and of the agency of the Holy Spirit, were most clear and scriptural, and she had a better conception of the great doctrine of justification by faith, and indeed of the whole plan of salvation, than many a Christian of mature years. This spiritual discernment was owing, not to her remarkable intellectual acuteness, or precocity of mental power, but to the fact that she was enlightened and taught by the Spirit of truth. Her experience, with that of thousands of other lambs of the flock, leads us to join in the thanksgiving of our blessed Redeemer: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Though little Carrie was thus taught of the Spirit, let none of my young readers suppose that this teaching is something, mysterious, and far above them, which they cannot any one of them obtain, if they will but seek it in the way the Bible directs.

When I say that Carrie was conscientious, I mean that whenever she knew what was right to do with regard to anything, however small, she endeavoured to do it. When I say that she understood the great plan of salvation, I mean, she felt that, after she had done her best to keep God's commandments, she often failed, and, thus knowing that she was a sinner, she was willing and

glad to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ that she might be saved. Her knowledge that it was through her trust in Jesus that she must be saved, and not through anything she had done or could do to save herself, is what is meant by justification by faith. She received the truth that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin with a self-applying belief, scarcely inferior to that of the humbled penitent seeking deliverance from the burden imposed by years of transgression.

With regard to the Holy Spirit, she knew that without his teaching she could not thus have believed to the saving of her soul, and that it would be impossible for her to show her faith by her works without this heavenly aid, for all right actions and holy feel-

ings are in the Scriptures called the fruits of the Spirit.

"Thou all our works in us hast wrought, Our good is all divine; The praise of every holy thought And righteous word be thine."

CHAPTER II.

"THEN THE EAR."

THE year succeeding Carrie's removal to Brooklyn was probably the healthiest one of her short life. Change of air, and other causes, combined to affect her constitution favourably; she gained flesh, a fresh colour tinged her cheek, and she felt the exquisite happiness of health as those only can feel it who have long suffered from its deprivation.

The world looked bright before her in her new home, and she formed many new acquaintances, some of whom she soon learned to love very dearly. Had she possessed less good sense and humility, the extreme kindness and flattering attention she received from individuals among her new friends might have proved injurious to her character.

She attended school regularly, and this alone was to her almost sufficient enjoyment. She pursued her studies with great industry and perseverance, and a week seldom closed in which she was not at the head of the classes to which she belonged. Variety is ever charming to childhood, and the many novel sights and sounds of the beautiful city of Brooklyn, and the numberless sources of knowledge and entertainment thus presented, afforded no small pleasurable occupation to her active mind.

The following summer her affectionate heart was gladdened by the birth of a little brother, who, from the first time she was permitted to take his baby form within her arms, became to her one of the dearest objects in existence, and her busy fancy pictured all that he would be to her, and she to him, in years to come.

The only time that I saw her in Brooklyn, she stood by the side of this brother, with eyes full of animated affection, watching very intently the effect his appearance made upon me, evidently more desirous to have little Tracy noticed than to be noticed herself. I smiled internally at this amiable sisterly pride, and gratified her by my cordial praises of the little stranger.

Carrie's life in Brooklyn was, in her brief experience, emphatically *her* day of prosperity, and was consequently a test of her sincerity, and calculated to prove whether her devotion to religion was unusual for one of her tender years. We pray in the Litany, that in all time of our prosperity, as well as in all time of our adversity, the Lord may deliver us; and the experience of every Christian, who knows the trials of each of these conditions of life, will lead him to join in that petition from the depths of his heart.

I am happy to say that Carrie continued as conscientious, prayerful, and every way devoted to the Lord's service, as she had been when ill health clouded her prospects for enjoyment in this world, and warned her that death might be near. Now, she had reason to hope that she might live many years, and this hope was pleasant to indulge, for life is sweet, and all looked brightly in the future to her youthful fancy; but she fully resolved,

if her life was thus prolonged, to live to God's glory. She faithfully improved the opportunity now afforded her of attending Sunday school, was much interested in her lessons, and became warmly attached to her teacher.

She loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth; and her fixed attention to the preaching of the Gospel fitted her to exclaim with the Psalmist—

"Oh, how I love thy law!"

The character of the preaching to which she listened at this period (Rev. Dr. Stone, of Christ Church, Brooklyn,) was very argumentative and intellectual, but at the same time most earnest and practical in its appeals to the heart. Many might suppose that such discourses

would possess little attraction for a child of her years; but she listened to them with the greatest delight, and was much and often affected by the exhortations they contained to a life of Christian devotedness. Doubtless, the peculiar character of the pulpit ministrations to which she at that period gave such close attention, did much to strengthen her mind, as well as to elevate and purify her heart.

She frequently, on her return from church, gave a very correct outline of the sermon to which she had listened, and if she heard one defective in methodical arrangement, she became aware of it by her difficulty in remembering its leading doctrine or characteristics.

Her desire to participate in the Lord's Supper was still more earnestly manifested than formerly, and nothing prevented her father from permitting her to take this "holy sacrament, to her comfort," but her very tender age, and his fear that it might lead to unfavourable results in other cases should the example be followed

Early in January, 1853, Carrie moved, with her parents, to Newtown, Conn. During the latter part of the autumn, her mother had noticed that her strength was diminishing, and indications of disease again manifested themselves. It was a trial to her affectionate nature to leave her many kind friends in Brooklyn; but changes in themselves, are not generally disagreeable to the very young. Hope ever whispers of bright days to come, at that blissful period of life.

Carrie's new home had many attractions, and kind friends had prepared "the

Parsonage" for their welcome reception. Warm and cheerful rooms and a bountifully spread table awaited their arrival. It was the merry Christmas season, and she, doubtless, felt its joyous influences. Probably no period of the year is so universally a happy one with children as this, on account of its gifts and festivities: but to Carrie it was dear for other and better reasons. She loved to think of the divine Saviour, a babe in his mother's arms, and of the angels telling the story of his birth to the happy shepherds. I presume that she sung many Christmas hymns with her mother at this period, and I feel almost sure that she did not forget that oldest and best of all, beginning,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

At this period she was so well as to

anticipate attending school, and she looked forward to many happy hours to be spent with her young companions in study or in the invigorating sports peculiar to winter. A few days' trial proved that she was too weak for either the mental labour or bodily confinement incident to school life, and with a sad heart she was obliged to resign this, to her, great pleasure, and submit to a winter of almost entire confinement to her own dwelling. Carrie was naturally a very active, industrious child, but her delicate health rendered anything like regular employment impossible, and this alone was to her a great trial. Even the most interesting book had to be laid aside in a short time, as her eyes or head would ache; and the preparing of doll's wardrobe, so attractive an employment to little girls of her age, could not long be pursued for the same reason. Her tender mother endeavoured in every possible way to amuse and interest her, and the sweet society and charming little ways of her infant brother were an unfailing source of pleasure.

Though unable to attend school through the winter, as she ardently desired, she interested herself in the progress her young friends made in their studies. At the close of the academical year in April, the pupils had a public exhibition, and Carrie had looked forward to this evening with pleasing anticipations. The brightly lighted rooms and the numerous pupils in their holiday attire, with the musical and other exercises usual on such occasions, had furnished food for busy fancy for weeks previous. Great, then, was her

disappointment, when the long anticipated evening came, to find that she could not attend, her parents wisely supposing that crowded rooms and the night air might prove injurious to her health. Severe as was the trial, no murmur escaped her lips, no look even expressed opposition to the will of her parents, or ill humour on account of it, but only placid resignation. Standing pensively at the window, and watching the numerous groups wending their way to the place of assemblage, she said, "Perhaps it is best for me that I cannot go, and God sees it to be so, for my heart might be drawn away from better things." Will not many of my young readers, nay, even many an older one, learn from this babe in Christ how to bear the many disappointments which are

sure to attend this earthly pilgrimage. Carrie's grandmother told me. soon after this, that she feared the dear child's health was declining, but I heard nothing very particularly about her before the sad event of the death of that beloved grandparent. Most tenderly had the little girl loved this dear relative; many a happy day had she spent under her kind care; and great was the shock when, after a brief illness, she was informed of her death, which was on the 27th day of April, 1853. Her father afterwards recollected. that when the letter came with the sad tidings, Carrie no sooner heard it than she retired to her own apartment and was absent for some time. When she joined the family it was evident that she had been weeping, but said little,

and struggled to regain composure. Who can doubt that she retired to gain strength from above in this her first trial in the school of bereavement. Her wish to spare her mother pain, manifested through her whole life, and particularly through her last illness, led her to repress every expression or sign of agitation on this sad occasion; but her earnest and pitying look, as she met her dear parent's tearful eye, told more strongly than words her deep and heartfelt sympathy. She, soon after this, went to see her grandfather at Litchfield for a few days, with the hope that a short excursion might benefit her health. It was a sad visit to her, bringing home to her heart most forcibly the loss she had sustained.

All who saw the little invalid at this

time, felt that earth could claim her but for a brief period more. She was tall for her years, and soft light hair and a complexion of unearthly fairness gave her the aspect of some imaginary and spiritual being, rather than a child of flesh and blood. This was the last time she saw her Litchfield home, and the last excursion, beyond a ride of a few miles, which her strength permitted her to make. On her return, by railroad, to Newtown, her sensitive feelings met with a severe trial.

It was the day of the sad catastrophe at Norwalk, when many, but a moment before full of health and hope, were summoned from life by the cars being instantly precipitated into the river. The confused and exaggerated reports heard during the delay occasioned by

the accident, with the possibility that some individuals dear to her might be among the lost could not but excite the most harrowing emotions; and when the poor child at length reached home, she was sadly exhausted. She did not at this time realize but what she might be restored to some measure of health and live for many years. Disease came on with slow and stealthy steps, and hope whispered that each new remedy proposed would accomplish what others had failed to effect. It was the lovely spring time; the birds and flowers all had tales to tell of life and happiness; and it was difficult for one so very young to believe, that before those birds had flown to their winter homes, or the flowers failed beneath the frosts of autumn, her mortal frame should wither

and die like some cherished plant destroyed by a worm at its root.

The vard and garden belonging to the parsonage afforded her much innocent enjoyment. It was very pleasant to walk slowly through the shaded paths, bright and fragrant with blossoms on trees above and shrubs below. Even when within doors her eye rested upon the hawthorn tree—so often made the theme of the poet's song—with its shining green leaves and pure white blossoms climbing almost to the roof of the lowly parsonage. With extraordinary effort she even planted the seeds of a few favourite flowers--among them the sweet pea—and some of the fragrant blossoms it bore were the very last of earth's bright and lovely things that she noticed.

She wished that certain shrubs she much admired, especially the white rose, might be removed to her dear grand-mother's grave, and expressed her regret that she could not visit that sacred place and adorn it with these sweet memorials of her love.

"Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?
To comfort man; to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him."

It was about this time, during a walk with her grandfather in the garden of the parsonage, where the early flowers, and especially the violet, her favourite one, were beginning to unfold their beauties, he said to her, "Carrie, you see the

flowers begin to show themselves, and by and by, when they shall all be in full bloom, and the grass shall grow, and the leaves upon the trees shall come out, and when you can again walk and ride, I hope you will be better, and be quite well before the summer is gone. She remarked in reply, "Oh, no, grandpapa, I do not think I shall; I do not think it would be best for me to be well. You know, I am a giddy girl when I am well, and I am afraid I should not then think about death and heaven, and should join other little girls in doing wicked things. I only wish to be well so as to help my dear mother, to pay her for all her care and trouble about me."

Carrie derived much innocent amusement at this period from watching the various and beautiful variety of fowls contained in her father's poultry yard. Perhaps she thought, while watching them, of our Saviour's comparing his love for his ancient people to the unwearied care of the hen for her young brood; but however this might be, she loved to observe them, and often stood apparently lost in thought amid these pleasant scenes.

At the period when vernal beauty reaches its highest point, before it is merged in the richer, deeper gorgeousness of summer, she took a ride with her grandfather and parents which afforded her most exquisite pleasure.

Through our whole picturesque New England a drive of six miles can seldom be found comprising more scenery at once wild and beautiful than that along the banks of a stream called by the Indian name of Puttetuck, which, after foaming and dashing, and taking innumerable fanciful curves, loses itself in the placid waters of the Housatonic. At one point the road winds up a steep ascent, and you see the clear rivulet far below you, with evergreens of towering height and the fragile humble leaves of the brake alike shadowed in its bosom.

If you raise your eyes, you behold woods above woods, displaying every shade of green, from the delicate locust just putting forth its leaves to the dark fir whose sombre foliage seems to blend with the rocks against which it rests. Again the path descends, and the stream assumes a new aspect, dancing in the sunshine and bordered with flowers.

Carrie had a perception of this wonderful beauty uncommon at her age, and the very excess of her pleasure exhausted her strength. She would gladly have sprung to gather the wild honeysuckles or azalias which smile so sweetly on many a lonely hillside and solitary wood at this pleasant season, and whose presence is known by the fragrance wafted on every breeze, even before the eye rests on its delicate pink blossom. It was but too evident, however, that her strength was failing, and physicians gave no encouragement that anything they could do would avail to restore her to health; but nothing was said to the dear child, at this time, of the hopeless nature of her illness. Her parents doubted not that death would be to her a happy event, for she had loved the Saviour from the

time she had first learned His tender compassion for poor sinners, and had endeavoured to show that she did so, as far as such a child could, by her habitual conduct. Private prayer, both morning and evening, was never forgotten by her, and the Bible she read daily; not merely because she had been taught to do so, but because she loved its sacred pages.

I wish my young readers especially to notice the fact that it was not sickness or the fear of death that made Carrie pray or read the Scriptures. She loved these duties when in health, and for this reason they were her comfort in her days of suffering.

If any of you desire peace on a dying bed, it can only be obtained by seeking Jesus as your Saviour while in health. I say this because I remember reading, when I was quite young, of the happy deaths of many good children, and I supposed that there was something in their pain and sickness that made them good, and that perhaps if they had recovered they would have been no better than others of a similar age.

I hope that no child who may read this little book will make the same mistake, for a religion that really fits us to die in peace, also prepares us to live to the glory of God, if such is his will.

If Carrie's life had been continued to mature years, I doubt not that she would have proved herself a true disciple of the Lord Jesus by her daily walk and conversation, though doubtless often mourning over the sins and infirmities

inseparable from our fallen nature. I have known children who, like their Divine Master, as they grew in stature grew in favour with God as well as man. who scarcely knew from experience the meaning of pain or sickness. I can think of several such blessed ones, who are men and women, and who love and serve the Lord more fervently each year of their lives. They are the happiest Christians I have ever known; finding, as the wise man declares, "wisdom's ways pleasantness, and all her paths peace." and often ejaculating with the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" There is a beautiful verse of a hymn often sung at the baptism of infants, which is sweetly verified in the experience of such life-long believers:-

"Never from thy pasture roving,

Let them be the Lion's prey;

Let thy tenderness, so loving,

Lead them all life's dangerous way."

in the month of April the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese visited Newtown. and administered the rite of Confirmation to a large number of candidates. As soon as Carrie became aware of his intended visit, she expressed her wish to take upon herself her baptismal engagements in that solemn ordinance. It was painful to her parents to resist her wishes in this particular, feeling, as they did, the most perfect confidence in her fitness to receive it—that fitness which is so forcibly expressed in the words of the Catechism-"Repentance, whereby we forsake sin; and faith, whereby we steadfastly believe the promises

of God made to us in that Sacrament" (meaning Baptism). Truly had she evidenced this repentance, by forsaking every sin which her tender conscience enabled her to discern, and her faith became daily more remarkable, until at her death it terminated in the brightness of eternal day. The inimitably beautiful words of the prayer of faith, offered when she was received into the ark of Christ's visible Church, furnish the best epitome of her brief but blessed experience. "That she being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally she may come to the land of everlasting life."

Her father stated to her plainly his reason for not complying with her wish to be confirmed, as being wholly on ac-

count of her tender age, she being only in her eleventh year. He told her that his responsibility was great as the pastor of a large parish; that some forty persons were to assume for themselves their baptismal engagements on the approaching occasion, and that if she was confirmed it might give occasion to remark, and perhaps injure the cause dearest to her heart. The same objection of course existed to her participation in the Lord's Supper, which she again most earnestly desired; but in respect to this blessed Sacrament, as well as to the rite of Confirmation, she acquiesced in her parent's will with sweet submission.

Her father assured her that Confirmation in itself could not ensure her salvation or sanctification, and that the Lord, who knoweth the heart, saw that she would gladly confess Him before men, and would therefore surely "confess her before his Father and the holy Angels." It is to be remembered that she had not, at this time, realized the fatal nature of the malady that was wasting away her life, and that she indulged the hope of living many years, perhaps a long life. Whatever Providence might order, she was steadfastly purposed to remember her Creator in the days of her youth, and in the fullness of self-dedication; here was most emphatically "a flower offered in the bud, and it was no vain sacrifice."

Though the hand of the Bishop never rested on her head to invoke the divine blessing, yet this child "was defended by the Lord's heavenly grace, and she did daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more, until she came to His everlast-

ing kingdom." Though her fragile form never knelt at the table of the Lord to receive the emblems of her Saviour's body and blood, yet she "fed on him in her heart, by faith, with thanksgiving," and doubtless now joins in that new song to the Lamb, of which our Sacramental praises are but a faint echo:—

"Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given."

The first time that Carrie said anything indicating a belief that her sickness would prove fatal, was one Sunday evening in May, when she had been sitting a long time in her easy-chair apparently lost in thought. Her mother noticed how deeply she seemed absorbed by her reflections, but made no inquiry as to the

subject of them, until she was startled by hearing her sobbing with great violence. She took the weeping child in her arms, kissed her, and by every tender word and action which love could suggest sought to soothe her and ascertain the cause of her grief. What affectionate child can long resist a mother's caresses? A gentle repose will take the place of even the most painful excitement, under her blest influence.

As the little weeper became composed, she replied to her mother's anxious questionings as to the occasion of her tears, that she knew that she should not live long, for that she grew weaker each day, and that no medicine that she took seemed to benefit her materially. Her tender parent did not deceive her with hopes of recovery that could not be real-

ized; but, hard as was the trial, tacitly admitted that the dear sufferer was right in her conviction, that her disease must terminate fatally. She said to her that if it was the will of God that she should die so young, she hoped she loved her Saviour, and would be willing to die, that she might dwell with him forever.

"Oh, yes," said this infant believer, "I do love Jesus, and I am not afraid to die; but how can I part from you and my father, my sister and brother?" It is this separation from those dear to them as their own souls which has constituted the very bitterness of death to thousands of Christians of mature years. Who, then, can wonder that this tender, loving child wept as she thought that neither her kind father nor affectionate mother could accompany her through the valley of the

shadow of death? Her subsequent experience proved that the Saviour in whom she trusted enabled her to bear this trial cheerfully, even joyfully, comforting her as one whom his mother comforteth; but when first fully realizing that her time on earth was short, it was an hour of darkness.

I am sure that none of my little readers who have parents, and parents whom they dearly love, will think this strange. Perhaps the mere thought of dying and leaving them causes an involuntary tear.

I have known children who could scarcely endure that their parents should be absent from them even for a day, and to whom no scene seemed quite pleasant if those dear friends were not with them. Such affectionate girls and boys will realize, in some degree, what Carrie felt at

this time. Her mother gradually soothed her excited feelings by telling her that in a few short years, perhaps sooner, she trusted that they should all meet, a family in heaven, and reminded her that her beloved grandmother, and others whom she had loved, were already there. She assured her that if she prayed to her Saviour He would give her power to bear the trial which now seemed to her so great. These consoling words soon quieted her remaining agitation, and, leaning her head on her mother's shoulder, she begged her to sing some of the hymns she most loved. Among these the 139th was an especial favourite, and was often sung to her during the weeks of suffering which followed, and was doubtless blessed by the Holy Spirit to the increase of her faith and hope. The last stanza of this hymn, so dear to her, has lingered on the lips of many a dying believer:—

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Never, after this time, did she shed a tear at the thought that Death's resistless hand must soon remove her from her beloved friends, and she watched the approach of the stern destroyer without the least apparent dread.

What but the power of heaven-derived faith could have taught this feeble child to look not "at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen;" and thus to realize as an absolute certainty that—

"Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms?"

From this period she ceased to entertain any hope of recovery, and expressed no wish for it, except in one or two instances, in response to her desire to assist and comfort her mother. Once, also, she remarked, during an interval of temporary convalescence, that she should like to live to help take care of her little brother, and teach him to be good. She then added, as if conscious that this wish could not be realized, "Tell Tracy, when he gets older, how sister Carrie loved him, and that it was her wish that he should become a faithful minister of Jesus Christ." Her love and reverence for this sacred office were very great. At one time, from the restlessness incident to disease, she was wishing for some indulgence

which her parents could not procure for her, and with momentary irritability she remarked, "If I was such an one," (naming an acquaintance whose wealthy parents indulged in every bodily gratification,) "I should have it;" but almost before the words had passed her lips, she checked herself and said, "But I would rather be a clergyman's daughter than the child of any one else, however rich."

Her illness did not prevent her natural playfulness from manifesting itself in occasional remarks. One day a missing book was inquired for, and after a fruitless search, her father, coming in, said that he gave it to a poor clergyman. "Why, papa," replied the little girl, "are you not a poor clergyman yourself?"

The disease which was slowly accomplishing its fatal work on Carrie's delicate physical organization was a peculiar and most painful form of consumption.

Consumption, though it carries with its very sound the idea of certain death, is not generally considered as a disease involving a great degree of pain. Many writers of fiction have invested it with a sort of charm, describing its victim, up to the very last, as almost unconscious of any ailment, with eyes of unnatural brightness, and cheeks glowing with more than the roses of health.

Such instances doubtless do occur, but the case of the poor child at the parsonage admits of no such fanciful description.

It is true that her fair skin never lost its transparent clearness, and that a faint colour usually tinged her cheeks as delicate as that in the heart of the white rose, and that her large, clear blue eyes sometimes shone with an almost heavenly brightness; but, alas! much of the time the agony she suffered would stamp itself on her countenance. The fair, clear brow became contracted with pain, the heavy eyelids drooped, and the weary frame sunk exhausted, although too often no sleep came to wrap her senses in sweet oblivion.

Her disease was in the bowels, and not only caused great pain, but produced a sympathetic effect on the stomach and nervous system, involving an indescribable amount of distress. Her appetite at some times seemed quite gone, and again she would think of some article of food she would like, and perhaps eat it with apparent relish, and afterwards suffer the most excruciating pain from its proving

unsuitable to her digestion. Her eyes became so weak that she could seldom read, except at short intervals, and her head often throbbed with pain. She did not sleep an entire night for three months previous to her death; often laying awake for hours with varied forms of suffering, and in the morning feeling more exhausted than when she retired at night.

One of the most painful features of her illness was her extreme nervousness; and those who have experienced this most trying, yet least pitied form of bodily misery, will understand the difficulty of bearing it patiently. It occasioned an irritability of feeling which she could not understand, and her tender conscience made her grieve over this physical infirmity as if it were a moral fault.

The merry voice of her little sister

jarred on her ear like a rude stroke or some untuned instrument, and even the presence of her dear baby brother had often to be dispensed with for the same reason. Again and again would she say to her mother, "Was I impatient? I am afraid that I was;" and it required much tender persuasion to convince her that she was not responsible for her sensitive nerves.

Family worship was to her a most precious season, from which she would never willingly be absent. She would make great exertions to be dressed in the morning for this purpose, and she seldom, during her whole illness, manifested greater grief and disappointment than when she became unable to kneel in prayer. She wept bitterly, and could hardly be reconciled to the necessity of

remaining in a sitting posture, so accustomed had she been to kneel when offering her devotions to the Most High.

This feeling of distress was owing to her desire to follow the example of the holy Daniel and the saints in all ages, and still more, that of our blessed Redeemer, who in the hour of his bitter agony kneeled on the cold ground, before uttering his petitions for deliverance.

I fear many children whom I have known would be quite ready to make even a slight illness an apology for absence from family prayer; such will hardly understand Carrie's desire to perform every duty in the very manner taught in the word of God.

The children whom Jesus loves are ever substantially the same in their feel-

ings and convictions of duty, however differently circumstanced in life. I was acquainted with a very conscientious little coloured girl, who died of an affection of the brain when about nine years old. She had been carefully taught never to close her eyes in sleep without repeating the simple prayers she had learned for pardon and protection. One night, before the nature or alarming character of her malady was known, the kind ladies with whom she lived were surprised to hear her sobbing in her bed. On going to her, she piteously complained that she could not say her prayers, and with sweet simplicity inquired if it was praying if she did not say the words. Disease with its mysterious hand had obscured the powers of memory and connected thought, but the aspirations of this

humble little one doubtless ascended to Him who when on earth so emphatically declared, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

> "For in vain our heaven we hope to see, And our Saviour undefiled,
> 'Till we learn His lesson of such as these, And become like a little child."

CHAPTER III.

"AFTER THAT THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR."

THE last time that Carrie attended church during an entire service, was the last Sunday in April, and then only for a half day. It was a severe trial to one who so loved to go with the multitude to keep holy day, to be debarred this privilege; but as she watched the various groups going up to the house of God, she doubtless accompanied them in spirit, and responded in her heart to the exhortation to confess sin and to render thanks for the great benefits received at God's hands.

On Sunday, the 17th of June, with slow and faltering steps, she entered the Lord's earthly temple for the last time. It was an extra service for the baptism of a number of infants, and she was very desirous to witness the administering of this sweetly impressive rite once more. Leaning on the arm of a young friend, she walked the short distance from the parsonage to the church, and saw these little ones signed with the sign of the Cross, and pledged to be followers of their crucified Master.

She returned home much fatigued, but happy in the thoughts inspired by the scene she had witnessed.

"How dear to those on God who wait,

The paths which to his dwelling lead,
And every Christian temple gate,

Is it not beautiful indeed?

"For there our holiest joys unfold,
And trains of lovelier graces fill
These lowly courts, than when of old
His sole abode was Zion's hill."

Among the devotional words that comforted and strengthened this little pilgrim in her journey through the wilderness, was a little book called "A Chapter of Flowers." It contains texts for each day of the year, and to each passage of Scripture is added some gem of thought or stanzas of poetry, designed to illustrate its meaning. Many such sweet compendiums have been scattered through the land within the last thirty years, bearing various appropriate titles, such as "Daily Food," "Heavenly Manna," "Dew Drops," and others equally befitting their design. No human tongue can tell the good they may have accomplished, with

their words of warning and of love.

Many and many a one, too busy or too weary, too sick or too sad, to read a chapter, or even a part of a chapter, in the Bible, have yet found time, and heart, for the one or two brief texts for the day, and those texts have often proved swords of the Spirit, and a greater delight than all manner of riches. This little chaplet of flowers is not unworthy of its name, and even Carrie's small strength was sufficient to cull daily a portion of this sweet garland without fatigue. On the 10th of June she was especially impressed with the verse for the day and the accompanying lines of poetry.

She called her mother to her side, and with the sweetest and happiest expression of countenance read them to her, remarking, "It is so appropriate for me, is it not, dear mamma?" The following are the selections alluded to; and I think none of my readers will hesitate to concur in the opinion that they were most admirably adapted to her experience. The Scripture chosen is from the 30th Psalm, 5th verse: "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." The poetical quotation is from Bryant:—

"For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every bitter tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

During her long, protracted, and most painful illness, both this Scripture and this poetry were often repeated by her with the same glad appreciation of their meaning; and as the year rolls round, and the eye of her fond mother rests on the doubly hallowed words, she feels that to her darling the "morning has dawned" and "the long age of bliss begun."

It was in June that I saw Carrie for the last time. I had heard that her strength was rapidly failing, and that she was unable to walk, and, hastening my contemplated visit, I arrived at the parsonage quite unexpectedly.

I caught a glimpse of her attenuated figure as I alighted at the gate, and, to my surprise, arrayed in bonnet and shawl as if she were going out. Her joyous voice soon summoned her parents, and after the first greetings, I had the pleasure of hearing that she was temporarily better, being able to walk a short distance, and at that time was about taking a ride. She was much pleased at seeing me and the young friend who accompanied me, and we spent many cheerful hours with

her during our brief stay, though we found it difficult to refrain from expressions of pity while witnessing her sufferings. At this time she was partial to being held in the arms as if she were an infant, and, though tall, her weight was so light that she could be held with comparative ease. I held her in this way many hours during my visit, sometimes reading to her and sometimes conversing with her.

She needed diversion, her head being too weak for much thought; therefore in my choice of reading I selected what I thought might amuse her. I remember reading some scenes in Robinson Crusoe, a book full of marvellous interest to all children; and also in the Commandment with Promise, a work which I hope all my little friends will read, if they have

not already done so, for it describes in a very beautiful manner the blessings attendant upon the faithful observance of the fifth Commandment. In my conversations with Carrie she spoke of her death as near and certain, but with no more dread than one would of the pleasant termination of a journey.

She took pleasure in narrating instances of the kindness of friends, and was gratified by my notice of similar acts coming under my observation during my visit.

Once or twice she appeared to be distressed by the noise of her little brother at his sports, and afterwards, being apprehensive that she had spoken petulently, she repeated several times, "I am afraid I was not patient;" adding as an apology, "My head aches so, that when the children are playing I feel as if I

could not bear it." She rode out with us the next day after my arrival, and enjoyed it very much, sympathizing with our pleasure as her father pointed out peculiar beauties in the scenery, and sometimes making a remark indicative of intelligence, or telling us where such and such friends lived of whom she had made previous mention. On her return she was much fatigued, but when it was proposed soon after that we should visit the garden and fruit vard, she expressed an earnest wish to accompany us. Her mother told her that she did not think it best, as she needed rest, and had not strength to walk as far as we intended going.

She acquiesced in this decision, and only accompanied us to the doorway, against which we left her leaning, looking sad, but perfectly satisfied that all was right. This may seem almost too trifling an incident to mention; but have not some of my juvenile readers shed tears of rage or indulged in a fit of pouting for as trifling a cause?

My visit was necessarily brief, and Mrs. Stone was desirous of prolonging our intercourse by accompanying me a portion of the way on my return home. On consideration, she decided to give up her wishes in this particular, as she felt unwilling to leave Carrie even for a few hours. When, however, the dear child became aware of her mother's wishes, she urged her going as strenuously as if it were something involving her own happiness. She proposed that a young lady, of whom she was very fond, should be invited to stay with her while

her mother was absent, and so earnest was she in this proposal that her parents assented to her wish, and she bade us good-bye with a smiling face, happy in her mother's anticipated pleasure, and gratified with the society of her young friend. This was the last time I was permitted to see her, and it is pleasant to recall the happy and satisfied look with which she bade us farewell. As summer advanced, her strength lessened and her sufferings increased. The effect of longcontinued illness is, too often, to render its subject selfish, unless counteracted by great Christian watchfulness. Sick children in an affectionate family are so tenderly cared for, and the wills and wishes of others are so much subservient to their comfort or diversion, that such little ones are too apt to forget that the

happiness of the remaining members of the home circle should be considered as well as their own. Carrie did not become thus selfish, and she showed that she did not in a variety of ways. The birth-day of her little sister was late in July, and the day came without any preparations having been made for noticing it, by gifts or other celebration. The mother's heart was too sad with the foreboding that the little Mary would soon be her only daughter, for any effort of this nature.

Carrie, however, could not be satisfied that the day should pass without anything to mark it as a festival. Doubtless she remembered her own happy birth-days, and the little presents which had gladdened her heart on those anniversaries.

She begged her mother that she might be permitted to walk to the nearest shop and purchase some little article for a gift to her dear and only sister.

Perceiving how much her heart was interested in this little design, her mother consented; and with great exertion, and frequent restings, she arrayed herself for her short walk, the last, as it proved, that she ever took outside of the Parsonage gate.

Methinks I see her as she appeared on that lovely July morning, attired with the scrupulous neatness that ever distinguished her, and walking with slow step and slightly bent figure on her errand of love. She returned much fatigued, but with a smile of satisfaction on her pale face. She had bought a toy watch, which she thought would please her sister, and, concealing it under her dining plate, she had the pleasure of hearing the

child's shout of pleasure at its discovery.

Months afterwards, when the dead giver was sleeping beneath the clods of the valley, this prattling little one told me of her watch, which sister Carrie bought for her herself when she was sick, evidently ranking it as chief among her treasures.

The constant reception of acts of kindness during sickness has a tendency to produce ingratitude as well as selfishness; the stream of benefits received becoming so like a thing of course that there is danger of forgetting that it is composed of a multitude of individual acts, each of which should be appreciated as an indication of sympathy. Probably no invalid of any age was ever blest with kinder or more constant friends than the dear little sufferer of whom I write. Scarcely

a day passed without one or more offerings for her comfort or pleasure. Boquets of choice flowers, of which she never wearied; the earliest fruit from the garden, and numberless delicacies to tempt the capricious appetite. Young ladies of her acquaintance were ever ready to sit with her, and soothe her hours of confinement by cheerful conversation or pleasant reading. Of their unwearied attention in the later stages of her malady I shall have further occasion to write. Carrie's sensibility to kindness, instead of lessening, increased with their multiplication; and it is believed that she never received the slightest favour without returning her cordial thanks, and oftentimes her gratitude would flow forth in tears.

This care of hers to express her thanks

for benefits received I particularly commend to the imitation of my young readers, as a part of good manners in which no Christian child should be deficient. We are enjoined by St. Paul to follow whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, and to be courteous as well as dutiful. I have often thought how much more pleasing some children would be if they were more courteous, and returned an "I thank you" for any little act of kindness shown them. If we are not grateful to our fellow creatures for what they do for us, there is great danger that we shall also forget God, who is the giver of all. In such a case, what would our Christianity become but a cold, unmeaning form? Though, as I said before, Carrie was careful to express her thanks for each separate favour received.

yet she was much afraid that she might have failed, or seemed indifferent, and she often begged her mother to tell her friends how grateful she was. She delighted in recalling each particular gift, or other proof of sympathy, as she reclined on her lounge; and it was evident that they did her heart good, though unavailing to the relief of her body.

She had the most entire faith that all her little wants would be supplied. For weeks before her death she almost lived on fruit, and her anxious mother would sometimes express fear that she would be left without what seemed so necessary for her comfort. "Oh, mother!" she would say, "do not trouble yourself; I am sure some of my friends will send me some fruit before the day is over." And so it ever proved. The saucer of late

strawberries, or the little basket of early peaches, would arrive at the very time needed, and as if in answer to her sweet confidence, not only in the kindness of her friends, but in the providence of God.

About midsummer her disease assumed new violence, and her death was daily anticipated. One day, in particular, she had a sinking turn, and it was apprehended that she was about to depart. Her father was hastily sent for, but before he reached her she was insensible. He took her in his arms and walked the room with feelings which any tender parent can imagine. In about twenty minutes, she recovered so far as to say, "Father, as soon as I am sufficiently restored, I wish you to pray with me. I mean," she added, "as you pray with your sick

parishioners. It will be a comfort to me."

None but a Christian child whose heart was deeply embued with the spirit of devotion could have uttered such a request at such a time. The death-like exhaustion consequent upon first recovery from a fainting fit might naturally be expected to absorb every feeling, and consequently all her desire would be to remain passively in her beloved parent's sheltering arms. How does this instance exemplify the truth of the following beautiful lines from a well-known hymn of Montgomery's:—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer."

As soon as possible, Carrie's father placed her on the bed, and no one else

being present, kneeling by her side, he offered the petitions she desired; and this prayer was evidently a cordial to her, so that with the Psalmist she might have exclaimed, "This is my comfort in mine affliction, for thy word hath quickened me."

Such a scene is too sacred for comment, and must touch every heart capable of responding to the best and holiest sympathies of our nature. As I before mentioned, she had been in the frequent habit of accompanying her father on his visits to the sick, and thus learned what only can afford consolation:—

"When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart,
When on my bed diseased, oppressed,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest;
Oh, great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief."

Carrie's social disposition led her to remain with the family as much as possible, and during her entire illness she found herself more comfortable by reclining on a lounge, or in an easy-chair, than upon the bed.

A natural desire to rob sickness of its gloom induced her to take her accustomed seat at table at the family meals, though, alas! too frequently without partaking of the food spread before her.

It was pleasant to her to be with those she so dearly loved on every possible occasion, even though in much weakness and pain.

"Oh think of me not as afar, when you meet
Where the oft bereft circle sits closer around;
Look not with despondence on one vacant seat,
Nor think of me there as beneath the cold ground.
From my home in the mansions of glory above
I may visit you oft in those circles of love."

One evening, at the tea-table, it was but too evident that her sufferings were very severe, when, looking up at her father with an expression of joyful resig nation never to be effaced from his mem ory, she said, "Papa, I think God will hear my prayers; he has heard me." On inquiring in what particularly she thought that her prayers had been avail ing, she replied, "I have prayed that God would take from me the fear of death, and he has done so. I do not fear to die, or," she added, "to think of dying"-a nicety of distinction which any reflective mind will comprehend. She then continued the subject by saying, "I would rather die now than to live and suffer, if it were God's will; but I have praved that if it be God's will I should live and suffer as I now do, I

may have patience, fortitude and resignation to meet his will." This was said in a manner such as might be looked for in some Christian who had long borne the burden and heat of the day, and who was waiting, like the Apostle St. Paul. for the crown of glory. Who can forbear raising an ascription of praise to that grace which gave to this weak and timid child the victory over that bondage to which so many are all their lifetime subject. Among the books which were read to her during the weeks preceding her death, was an allegory entitled the "Dark River." Perhaps some of my young friends may have perused it, or at least glanced over its pages. To most juvenile readers it is far from an attractive book. for it is wholly on the subject of death, under the similitude of the dark river.

The descriptive portions are almost painfully vivid, and Carrie's mother often found it difficult to restrain her emotions in reading them to this little pilgrim, whose feet almost touched the margin of the dread stream. Some other books were sometimes suggested, of a more cheerful character, but to her the subject was entirely free from gloom, and she felt no wish to avoid its consideration. · The line of light which faith sheds across the dark waters, so clearly described in this book as the experience of the little Mona, was as distinctly seen by this her sister pilgrim.

"Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between."

She would frequently say to one and

another friend who might be with her, "Come, now, let us talk a little about dying," and that with a tone and manner indicative of the utmost cheerfulness. One day a young lady whom she dearly loved was sitting by her side on her favourite lounge, when, after a little general conversation, Carrie commenced talking with much animation on this her favourite theme.

Her visitor tried to divert her mind from this subject, saying, "Let us talk of something else;" to which she replied, "Oh, no! I love to talk of dying," and turning to her friend with child-like simplicity, inquired, "Do not you?" This interview left a deep impression on the mind of the young lady referred to, giving, as it did, such convincing proof of the power of that grace which thus

gave strength to the feeble. Even the advanced Christian may learn from this infant believer how to overcome the fear of the last great enemy, namely, by using the means that she used, earnest, persevering prayer.

"Prayer bids the darkened cloud withdraw."

If we really, fully believed, as did this "little one," what the Scriptures reveal to us of the happiness of Heaven, and felt, as she did, a sure title to one among its "many mansions," we should like her be willing and glad to speak of death, whose sharpness was forever overcome by him "who took upon him to deliver man," and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Carrie's self-possession was very remarkable through her whole illness, and

was indicative of great maturity of character for her years. She wished each day to be informed what medicines she was to take, and at what hours they were to be taken; and after they were prepared and placed beside her she never needed reminding of the time, but always swallowed the mixture, whatever it might be, without a word of complaint. As she grew weaker this often became quite painful, and she would frequently be obliged to make several ineffectual efforts before taking even a few drops. Her habitual resolution and self-control saved her parents and attendants much care and anxiety, and enabled them to dispense with night watchers until the last three weeks of her life.

When from her increased and excessive weakness constant attention became

necessary, she selected, from the many who had volunteered their kind offices for this purpose, a certain number of young ladies, two of whom she desired to have sit up with her each night, specifying the order in which she wished them to be sent for, "if," as she cheerfully remarked, "I should live to need them all." Her wishes were gladly complied with, no one of the number failing to come at the time desired. Doubtless they felt something of the blessedness promised to those who visit any of the Lord's sick followers for His sake; and may they finally realize the fullness of that blessing, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It is comparatively easy to perform kind offices for friends and neighbours through a brief illness; but when weeks and months call for the same or increased personal attendance, as well as sympathizing feeling, something more reliable than mere impulse is required.

Surely those who were so unwearied in ministering to the little sufferer at the Parsonage, and to her afflicted parents, had been taught in the school of our compassionate Saviour, whose love never wearied, and much of whose life while on earth was spent in relieving the sickness and infirmities of his suffering people.

CHAPTER IV.

"BUT WHEN THE FRUIT IS BROUGHT FORTH, IMMEDI-ATELY HE PUTTETH IN THE SICKLE, BECAUSE THE HARVEST IS COME."

THE sufferings of children are ever most painful to witness, their comparative innocence making the dispensation mysterious and difficult to meet submissively.

Each day added to Carrie's bodily distress, but she remained "joyful through hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." At one season of great pain her mother had been watching her for some time with that yearning tenderness known only to a mother's heart, when the dear child looked up in her face

with an expression of ineffable sweetness, and said, "Mamma, I know why it is that I suffer so much; it is because God loves me so much: I know it is," she continued with unwonted animation, "for the Bible savs that God loves best those whom he afflicts most," evidently referring to the passage, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." This, and the many texts of similar import with which the Scriptures abound, were often quoted by her, thus, like the Psalmist, finding God's merciful kindness her comfort according to his word. It was truly delightful to hear this babe in Christ dwelling on the blessedness of sanctified affliction, proving herself wiser in Christian experience than many of the aged.

Often, since the departure of this dear child, have her parents recalled the words "sweeter than honey" which she quoted from the oracles of wisdom, and applied them as "healing balm" to their smitten hearts.

On another occasion she had been silent for a long time, evidently indulging in a most pleasing train of thought, for smiles lighted up her wan features as if bright scenes were passing before her vision. Her mother feared to speak, lest the blissful reverie should be dispelled; but the happy child, desirous to have her beloved parent a sharer in her joy, turned to her and said, "Mamma, I have been thinking of that beautiful hymn," repeating the following lines:—

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For those who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

She then added, "I am thinking of the beautiful place the Saviour is preparing for me."

Who can tell what blessed foretastes were then vouchsafed to her of that "house not made with hands," whose glories "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?"

I hope the charming hymn of which the above is the closing verse is a favourite one with many of my little readers. I have often heard it sung by children very dear to me, and whose sweet tones are now recalled to memory.

Will not any of my young friends who may in future sing or repeat these beautiful lines think of little Carrie? and if they desire to join her in that blissful place whither she has gone, remember to emulate her example while life and healthare still theirs.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above."

When enduring the most acute pain, she often said it was nothing in comparison with what her Saviour had suffered for her, exemplifying the truth of the following beautiful stanzas from the 160th hymn:—

"On him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears."

Her later experience will recall to the reader the concluding lines of this hymn.

"And, oh! when I have safely pass'd Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging watch beside My bed of death, for thou hast died; Then point to realms of endless day, And wipe the latest tear away."

The only aspect in which death at all presented itself to her mind as the king of terrors, was with reference to the parting with those dearest to her, and her consciousness that they would grieve deeply for her loss. This was to her the first and last sting of the great destroyer, but even this apprehension ceased to wound her tender spirit, and "casting all her care upon God," "the shadow of death was for her turned into the morning."

Some weeks before her death she wished her mother to bring to her the various presents she had received, and which her love for the givers had made

treasures to her childish heart, that she might designate to whom she would have each given when she was no more. Her Bible she wished to have given to her sister, and her Prayer Book to her brother, when he should be old enough to realize its value, and to be told how dearly his sister Carrie loved him, and how earnestly she desired that he might become a true Christian and a faithful minister of the Gospel. Blessed child! he was called to join in the praises of heaven before his infant tongue had ever lisped a prayer. But I must not anticipate my narrative.

One precious little Testament* she gave with her own hands to a life-long friend whom she was accustomed to call by the endearing appellation of Aunty, and whose tender care of her through the

^{*} The gift of her Sunday-school teacher in Brooklyn.

later stages of her illness evidenced almost a motherly love. To this friend she also gave a small sum of money for the purchase of some memento of her affection.

She had always been careful to appropriate a part of her spending money to missionary and other charitable purposes; but among her possessions were certain gold coins which she had carefully refrained from spending. They had been given to her from time to time, and her loving heart had appropriated them to the purchase of some gift for her dearest friend, her almost idolized mother. She had earnestly desired to go to some city where she might procure such an article as she wished for the purpose, but seeing this to be impossible, she gave the sacred hoard into her mother's hands with the

request that she should purchase with it some article which she might ever value as the gift of her little Carrie. I have seen the small locket, procured in fulfilment of this wish, containing in one part the pale sweet image of the dear girl, and in the other the blended hair of herself and little brother. She specified various little articles to be reserved for some little friends, and others that she wished given to the young ladies of whose extreme kindness to her during her entire life in Newtown I have before spoken. She remarked, after completing the arrangement for the intended disposal of these testimonials of her love, "I know they will value them for my sake when I am gone." She ever manifested the most confiding trust in the affection of others, the instinct of a loving heart teaching her that she would be loved in return—an instinct that seldom, if ever, deceives.

She made the above-mentioned arrangements with the utmost quietness and entire absence of all agitation. Soon after this she requested her mother to cut off a portion of her hair in order that she might herself arrange the locks to be given to many of her friends after her departure. It was done, and those almost transparent fingers gently separated the shining tress into portions for one and another, confining each, with much neatness, with a simple ribbon. I have seen one of these precious relics, looking like gossamer threads of paly gold, such as poets have sung and painters represented when veiling their ideal forms of angels and cherubs. I looked upon the speaking memento, and thought of that infinite

love which numbers even the hairs of our heads, and which will one day clothe her glorified body with a beauty of which its earthly fairness gave but a faint foreshadowing. During the whole of Carrie's short life, and especially through her last illness, her extreme tenderness of feeling for her mother was constantly evinced. Whatever might be the extent of her sufferings, as the usual hour for retiring at night drew near, her whole thoughts were given to the one object of inducing her parents to leave her and seek the repose they so much needed. It was ever with reluctance that they left the couch of their dear little one, but they could not resist the sweet pleader, as she begged them for her sake to try and get some sleep, and not to fear for her, for all would be done that she needed by her

Aunty, (as she called her kind nurse, Mrs. H.) When her wishes were complied with, and she felt sure that they had retired for the night, she would say, "Now I feel better. I can bear my pain, though it is very hard, but I cannot bear that mother should get sick, as I am sure that she will if she does not sleep." No extremity of pain could induce her to consent to summoning her parents during the night, not even when her attendants feared that death was very near. When feeling very badly she would often beg her Aunty to sit by her side and take her little hands in hers; and with a look of satisfaction and a sweet smile she would sometimes fall asleep, though usually only for a very brief period.

Thus the bright days of summer came and went, bringing added bodily weak-

ness but increased spiritual strength to the dear child at the Parsonage.

Death's sickle was daily looked for to gather the ripened fruit into the heavenly garner. As the season began to wane, a heavy calamity fell upon the village of Newtown.

Sickness—sudden, agonizing, fatal—came among its inhabitants, and clouds of sorrow hung portentously over many a household. Pestilence in a city is full of horror, for its surest victims are the wretchedly poor who have often none to care for them. It does not, however, come home to every heart, as is the case when it visits a rural district, where no wall of ceremony separates those in close proximity, where death can enter no dwelling without its being speedily known in every other.

Pestilential disease seems also so little in unison with cleanly streets, pure breezes, and green fields, that when it does come, all are compelled to feel that it is the judgment of God. Mr. Stone, instead of indulging his feelings by lingering near the couch of his dying child, was called to minister to one and another smitten down, as it were, in a moment by ruthless disease, well prepared by his own experience to "weep with those that wept." In Newtown the ancient custom is retained of tolling the bell a certain number of strokes, according to the age and sex of the individual summoned from time into eternity. Day after day did this solemn peal strike upon little Carrie's ear, and as she numbered the strokes she realized that a child or an aged pilgrim, a young man in his strength or a maiden in her bloom, had been called away.

"From the steeple tolls the bell, Deep and heavy the death knell."

Many thus called hence were kind friends: some were near neighbours; and the last weeks of summer proved the "valley of the shadow of death" to many others beside the dear child at the Parsonage. Her spirit was so plumed for its heavenward flight that scarcely any earthly sorrow had power greatly to disturb its sweet serenity. One more trial, however, awaited her. The little brother, whose life of future usefulness she had so fondly imagined, was suddenly seized by the prevailing malady, and in a few brief days the youngest, loveliest, seemingly healthiest of the little flock at the Parsonage closed his sweet eyes in death.

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried,
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified."

I will not dwell upon the grief of the bereft parents, mourning for their only son, of whom they had doubtless said in their hearts, "'This same shall comfort us, when our first-born shall have departed hence." They found consolation only in believing, with their dear daughter, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Carrie, though unable to utter more than a few words, knew from the first of the illness of the dear baby, and her close observation and quick discernment enabled her to realize that his disease was rapidly approaching a fatal termination. She said to her mother, "I know that little Tracy is going to die. but do not tell me when

he is dead. I shall find it out soon enough." Being fully conscious of her own weakness, she felt that the shock of being informed that she had no longer a brother on earth was more than she could sustain. If, however, she inferred the certainty of the event from what she saw passing around her, it would come home to her more gradually and gently, and be less likely to excite violent emotion. Her wishes were respected. Death stamped his cold seal on those beautiful features on the night of August 29th, and in the morning Carrie too truly discovered that all was over. She said nothing and shed no tears. Why should she weep for the little innocent she was so soon to follow?

"And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,

Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

What thoughts passed through the mind of this little saint during the succeeding ten days no tongue can tell. She heard the tolling bell that marked the sad departure of the funeral train from the home wont to be cheered by the dear boy's infantine gladness to the house of God. Again she heard its solemn tones as the train took its melancholy way to deposit his cherub form in the grave. Doubtless she saw with inward vision the committal of his body to the dust, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, and gladly realized that soon her weary frame would rest by his side, and the same words of faith be pronounced by her grave-side. The stricken parents re-

turned to their desolate home to watch the few remaining days of their eldest darling. They felt that it was but selfish to wish to detain her on earth when she so longed to depart, and the frail tabernacle of her body gave each day new proof of its shattered condition. A dropsical affection manifested itself in extreme and most painful swelling of the limbs-her breathing was laborious, and her body so sensitive from its extreme emaciation that she seldom reclined, but usually sat in an erect position, partly supporting herself by her hands. She could scarcely bear being touched, even by a pillow of down, and her friends were compelled to see her thus painfully supporting herself hour after hour, without the power to relieve her by encircling her in their loving arms.

Her experienced and tender nurse, Mrs. H., said that in all her experience she had never witnessed such a degree of bodily distress continued for so long a time.

No amount of pain or weakness could, however, cause her to concentrate her feelings on herself. Her love for her mother was more than ever remarkable. Several times she spoke to Mrs. H. of her pity for her sorrows. She watched her countenance with an earnest tenderness: and to spare the dear child's feelings, Mrs. Stone sought to repress every manifestation of grief, as well for the bitter trial through which she had just passed, as for the impending separation which each day was anticipated. Notwithstanding every effort at self-control. Nature would at times prevail, and tears would flow. On

one such occasion, Carrie gazed in her face with a look of angelic compassion, and endeavoured with her almost dying lips to comfort her beloved parent. "Mother," said she, "you are weeping for Tracy; but is he not happier now than you could make him? If he had lived, he might have grown up a bad boy, and if so, how wretched it would have made you. I shall soon be in heaven, and it will not be long before you and father, and all whom we love, will be there also, to be no more separated through all eternity."

The following exquisitely beautiful lines breathe the very spirit of this sainted child; as she seemed, even before quitting her earthly tenement, to be emulating the employments of the angels, who, we are told, "are ministering spirits sent forth to

minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation:"—

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And oh, beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little hands that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed;
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my love,
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One."

During the last week of her life, she seldom spoke except when her extreme pain would wring from her a groan, or a few words of distress, when she would express fear that she was impatient. During the night previous to her death she sat on her lounge, supported, as much as possible, by pillows through its weary hours. Early in the morning she fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. On awakening she said to Mrs. H., "Aunty, I shall not live through the day. I have never felt so strangely before."

She then inquired the day of the week, and the hour of the day. She was asked if she felt any fear of dying. "Oh, no," she replied, "I am going home to my Saviour, where I shall see grandma, and dear little Tracy." She then requested that all the family should be summoned that she might give them her dying farewell.

Her mind was as calm as in her brightest day of health, and her countenance animated with the joyous certainty that her warfare was almost over, the gates of the celestial city opening before her. If

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate, Is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven,"

how surpassingly glorious was the scene where this comparatively innocent child, rising above the weakness of her sex and age, met the King of Terrors, not only without fear, but with a glad welcome!

Her grandfather bade her farewell a few day previous, feeling, as he did so, that he should see the face of his darling no more on earth.* Her little sister stood by her couch, gazing at her with wondering, wistful eyes. Carrie wished that the two domestics employed in the family should be called; that she might see and

^{*} Hon. Samuel Church, Chief Justice of Conn. This able jurist and exemplary Christian has lately gone to share the rest of his loved ones in heaven.

speak to them once more. The younger of these, though much attached to the dying child, was so awed by the solemnity of the scene, and by her unearthly paleness, that with the timidity natural to her years she shrunk from approaching her. Carrie, with her usual quickness of apprehension, instantly noticed this reluctance, and said to her, "Do not be afraid to come to me, I am not afraid to die."

Once during the dying scene, Mrs. H., unable to restrain her tears, was about leaving the room; Carrie turned her appealing eyes towards her and whispered, "Aunty, do not leave me, and do not weep, for I am going home"—a manner of speaking of her death habitual to her for weeks previous.

Truly, Heaven was her home, for her

treasure was there, and "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Bright, peaceful, blessed home! surely its untold glories filled her soul with such intense delight that the tabernacle it inhabited was irradiated with its spiritual illumination.

"Never," says Mrs. H., "have I seen, nor do I expect to see, anything comparable in beauty to her countenance—a beauty wholly indescribable, beyond and above earth. Her face, from its extreme emaciation, could not in itself have possessed any extraordinary claim to external loveliness. It could have been no other than light from the world of glory, which shone through those large blue eyes with an expression of ineffable bliss, that made all who were present feel as did those who witnessed the death of the martyr St

Stephen, as if 'looking on the face of an angel.'"

So the farewell kiss was given to each of the group assembled around her, the last and fondest of all to her so tenderly loved parents, with lips cold with the dew of death.

Some indistinct sounds afterwards escaped her lips, but all that could be distinguished were the words "grandma" and "heaven."

A few more respirations, and that weary, struggling heart was still. Death was swallowed up in victory!

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"Angels of life and death alike are His,
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this, Against His messengers to shut the door?"

The following prayer, offered at her baptism, it is verily believed was, by the power of divine grace, fully answered in her renewal of heart and sanctification of life:—

"We humbly beseech thee to grant that she, being dead unto sin and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in his death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin." Shall we not apply the concluding words of this prayer with the same confident belief?

"That, as she is made partaker of the death of thy son, she may also be partaker of his resurrection, so that finally, with the residue of thy holy Church, she may be an inheritor of thine everlasting kingdom."

It was a bright, serene morning, on the 8th of September, 1853, that the soul of this dear child was released from the burden of the flesh. Eleven years had sufficed for her period of probation. Who that has carefully perused the above simple and truthful record of her life, can doubt that the good seed had brought forth "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear?"

"But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come."

The beautiful tabernacle of her body, so lately irradiated with living light from on high, seemed still to speak of that peace which passeth all understanding. The hands so often clasped in prayer, now meekly crossed upon her breast, looked like some piece of delicately chis-

elled sculpture, disease having distended the skin so as to remove all appearance of emaciation.

Soon—alas! how soon—this form, so precious for what it had once contained, and for what it shall be when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, was laid in the coffin. The last look was taken, and the mournful bell called the stricken parents to lay her loved remains by the side of her little brother. Loving hands strewed the coffin with flowers, the white lily and the myrtle—sweetest emblems of purity and eternal life.

The mourners heard the beautiful words first uttered by the bereft patriarch when all his children were taken from him, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and like him, I doubt not, responded from the depth of their hearts,

"Blessed be the name of the Lord." The Rev. Mr. Sanford, then rector of St. John's Church, New Milford, preached an appropriate sermon from the text, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and the large and weeping audience felt that this was true, most emphatically, of her who now so sweetly rested from her labours.

The funeral train wended its mournful (alas! too familiar) way over the green hills and along the smiling vales, to the secluded graveyard, and she was laid by the side of the brother so tenderly loved, so soon followed to the eternal world. Truly, "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The evening of the first day of June, 1854, I was privileged to visit the hal-

lowed ground where rests all that was mortal of the dear children of the Parsonage. A lovelier or more heaven-inspiring scene I never beheld. Perfect verdure clothed every portion of this large resting-place of the dead. Numberless flowers made this place of sepulchres like that most sacred one of all-where our Saviour was laid—a garden. Bright evergreen trees and shrubs told of immortality. The distant hills fading away in the blue of heaven were pictures of this mortal existence merging in eternal day. The sweet birds also sung of h me and blessedness, and each and every thing was instinct with the very spirit of life, save that the numberless heaving mounds and monumental stones told of Death's doings for a century past.

Here, I paused by some moss-grown

stone whose inscription, once clear and familiar to loving eyes, was now wholly illegible; and again, I lingered to read a name distinctly chiselled in some marble obelisk fresh from the hands of the accomplished sculptor. It is such a place as the sainted Richmond would have chosen for his walks, and, for a moment, I wished for his sweet and gifted pen, that little Carrie, like little Jane, might speak from the tomb to persuade the young to a life of faith and piety.

The little mounds that marked the resting-place of the children of the Parsonage were as smooth and verdant as if never touched by the hand of man. A root of smiling heart's-ease sprung from the very centre of Carrie's grave, preaching its own sweet sermon. Lovely rosebuds just disclosed their hues of beauty,

telling how these little ones came forth like flowers and were cut down, but, as we doubt not, to bloom forever in the Paradise of God.

THE END.

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